



DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

**TWO MEN--
ONE DEAD...
ONE LIVING...**

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215
FEB
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APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY



**...IN THE STRANGEST
ADVENTURE OF ALL!**

Stan Lee
presents:

Prophecy

HEAR ME, FOR I
SPEAK THE WORDS
OF THE SPIRITS OF
THE GRANDFATHERS.

TWO MEN WILL COME,
BOLD AND RED OF HAIR--
WARRIORS AND MEN OF
THE LAW WILL THEY BE.

THEY WILL BE SEPARATED
BY MUCH TIME, A HUNDRED
WINTERS WILL PASS BETWEEN
THE DAYS OF THEIR BIRTHS.

BUT THEY WILL JOIN TO
COMBAT AN INJUSTICE.
TOGETHER, THEY WILL RETURN
THE LAND TO ITS RIGHTFUL
OWNERS, OUR PEOPLE.

IN THIS, THE
TWO SHALL BE
AS ONE.

IN AIR AND IN
WATER WILL THEY
TRIUMPH.

HEAR ME WELL AND
BELIEVE WHAT I SAY,
FOR THESE WORDS
ARE TRUE.

IN DREAMS BEGIN
RESPONSIBILITY.
-William Butler
Yeats.

DENNY
O'NEIL

TALE
TELLER

DAVID
MAZZUCHELLI

PICTURE
MAKER

JOE
ROSEN

LETTER
MAKER

CHRISTIE
SCHEELE

COLOR
MAKER

RALPH
MACCHIO

CHIEF

JIM
SHOOTER

SPIRIT OF
THE TREES

UNTIL NOW, THIS ARIZONA AFTERNOON HAS BEEN PEACEFUL. BUT--

GUNPLAY! I'M DUE IN TOMBSTONE IN AN HOUR--



-- BUT I RECKON MATT HAWK'S BUSINESS WILL WAIT WHILE THE TWO-GUN KID TAKES A LOOK-SEE.

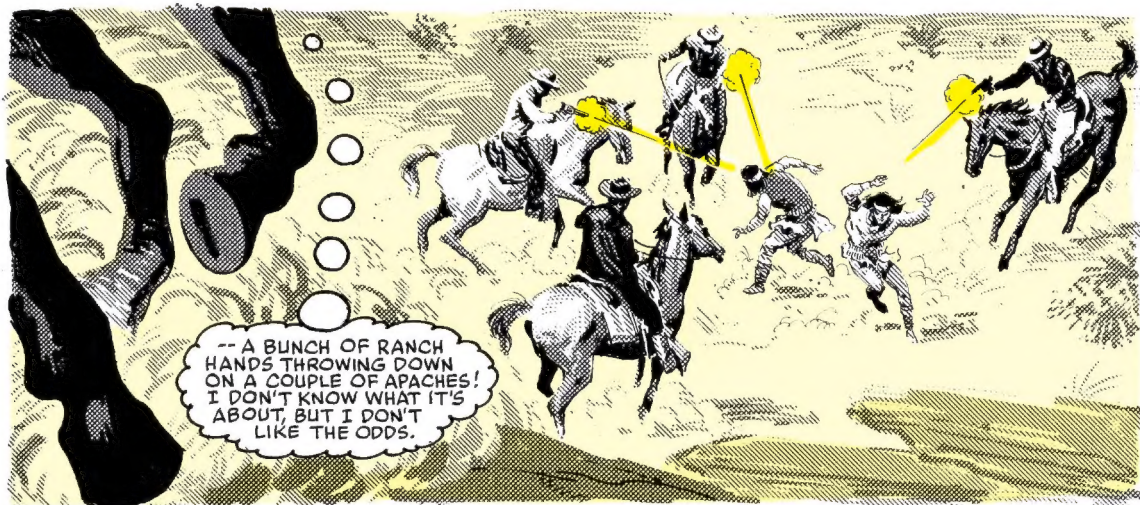
SCRATCH DIRT, THUNDER!



WITH A SURGE OF HIS MIGHTY SINEWS, THE SUPERBLY TRAINED ANIMAL RESPONDS--

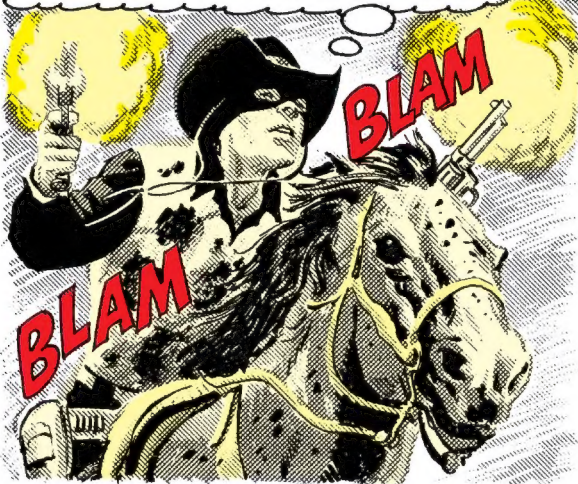
--AND LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER--

THERE'S THE TROUBLE--



-- A BUNCH OF RANCH HANDS THROWING DOWN ON A COUPLE OF APACHES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE ODDS.

I WON'T HIT 'EM AT THIS RANGE... BUT THE SOUND OF MY COLTS'LL LET 'EM KNOW I'M COMING.



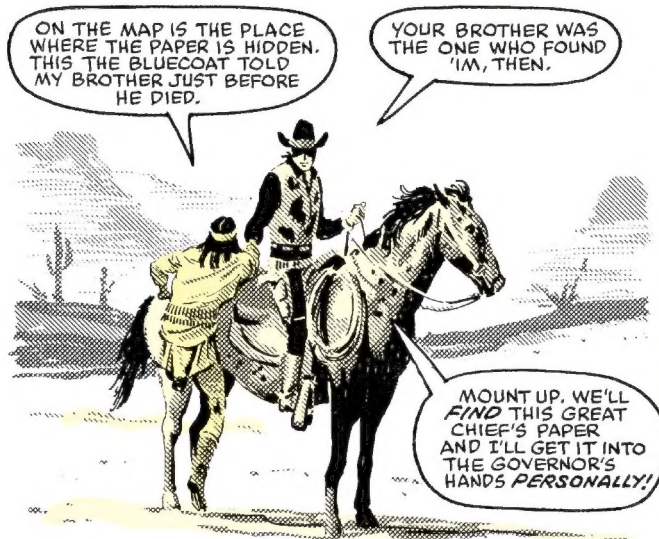
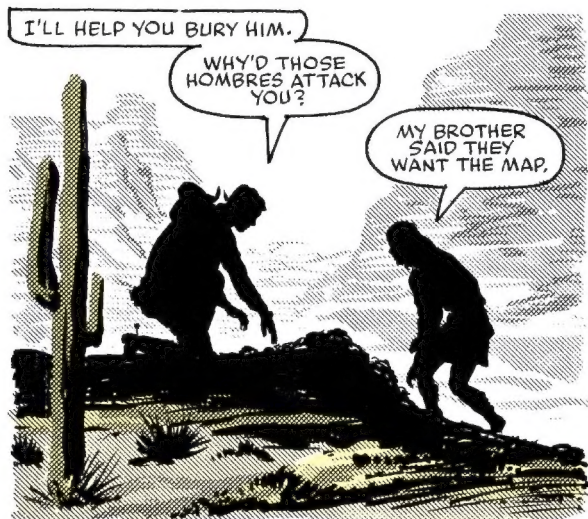
THEN--

THE BUSHWHACKERS SKEDADDLED. MAYBE THEY DON'T COTTON TO SHOOTIN' AT SOMEONE WHO SHOOTS BACK!

YOU HURT, SON?



NO. BUT MY BROTHER IS...



NEAR
TOWN--

REIN UP
THAR, KID.

WHAT CAN I
DO FOR YOU,
SHERIFF?

'FRAID I GOTTA TAKE
THE YOUNG'UN INTO
JAIL.

ON WHAT CHARGE?

RANCE KEENO SAYS HE WAS **BUSH-
WHACKED** BY THIS BOY AND 'NOTHER
APACHE.

I WAS THERE...AND IT WAS THE
OTHER WAY AROUND.

LISTEN, SON. YOU GO WITH THE
SHERIFF-- BUT DON'T WORRY. YOU
WON'T SPEND MORE'N A DAY OR
TWO BEHIND BARS. THAT'S
A PROMISE.

LATER, IN A **TOMBSTONE LIVERY
STABLE**...

THIS IS WHERE THE TWO-GUN KID
DROPS OUT OF SIGHT--AND THE
LAWYER MATTHEW HAWK MAKES
HIS APPEARANCE.

MY COLTS
WON'T DO A
THING FOR THAT
YOUNGSTER--

--BUT WHAT'S
IN MY LAW
BOOKS **WILL!**

BETTER DO IT IN
A **HURRY**, TOO. IF
THE APACHE NATION
LEARNS THAT ONE
OF THEIR OWN IS IN
A WHITE MAN'S
LOCKUP...IT COULD
MEAN **WAR!**

AND, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

...THEM MURDERIN' REDSKINS
WAS A 'SHOOTIN' THEY ARROWS
AT US FER NO **REASON!**

BUT, MR. KEENO... A MOMENT AGO YOU TESTIFIED THAT THE APACHES ATTACKED YOU WITH *RIFLES*. WHICH WAS IT, MR. KEENO-- RIFLES OR ARROWS?



I... I DON'T RIGHTLY REMEMBER.

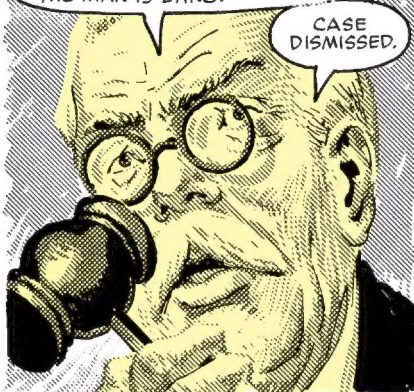
YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHETHER IT WAS GUNFIRE OR BOWSHOTS THAT--

ENOUGH, MR. HAWK.



THAT'S THE *FOURTH* INCONSISTENCY YOU'VE CAUGHT HIM IN WITHIN THE PAST TEN MINUTES. OBVIOUSLY, THE MAN IS LYING.

CASE DISMISSED.



THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.



SOME DAY THE TRIAL PROCEDURE WILL BE A WHOLE LOT MORE COMPLICATED. A JUDGE WON'T BE ABLE TO DISMISS A CASE SO EASILY.

NOW WHY'D I THINK THAT?



LATER...



ACCORDING TO THE MAP, PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S DOCUMENT SHOULD BE IN THAT CAVE.

IN A FEW MINUTES, THE MATTER'LL BE SETTLED.



BUT...



...MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, SON. WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE-- AND THERE'S *NOTHING*!





COME ON, YOUNGSTER. I GOT A HANKERING TO SEE SOME SKY.

OUTSIDE...

HOW LONG WE A'GONNER WAIT, RANCE?



TILL WE'RE SURE THEM TWO DON'T DIG OUT, IS HOW LONG. AN' IFN THEY DO--



--WE A'GONNER GUN 'EM. 'CAUSE I DON'T AIM TO LET THEM REDSKINS HAVE THAT GRAZIN' LAND THAT OUGHTTA B'LONG TO WHITE MEN!

LUCKY I HEERD 'BOUT THAT SOLDIER-BOY AN' HIS DURN PAPER FROM A FRIEND OF MINE AT THE FORT...

I'M SURPRISED A POLECAT LIKE YOU HAS ANY FRIENDS.



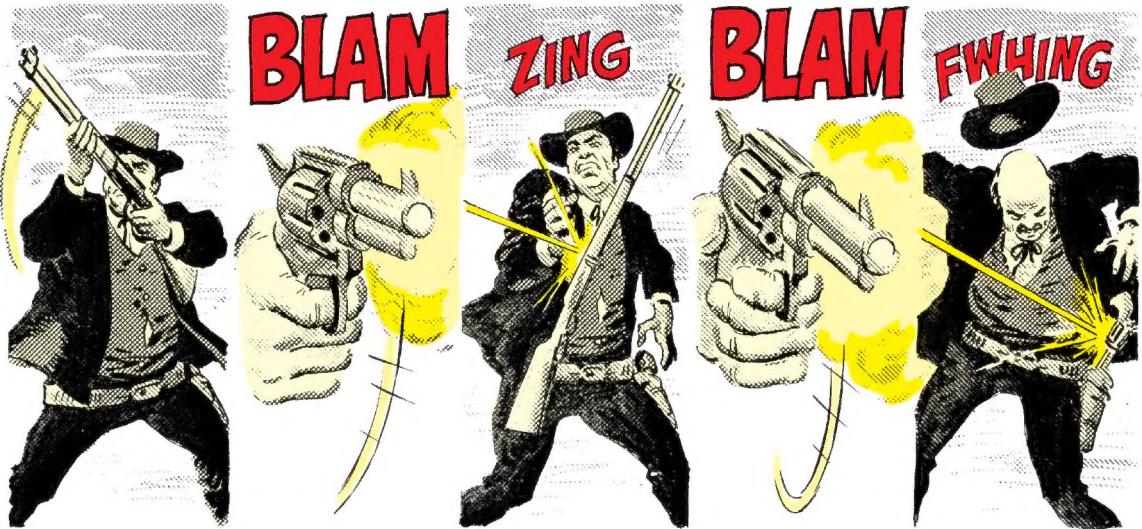
THE MASKED MAN: HOW IN TARNATION DID YOU GIT OUT?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.



YOU'RE ITCHING TO MAKE A PLAY.

DO IT.



BLAM

ZING

BLAM

FWHING

THAT WAS A **WARNING**-- AND YOU WON'T GET A **SECOND ONE**! NEXT TIME I AIM FOR MORE THAN YOUR **HARDWARE**.

I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, **KEENO**. YOU RIDE OUTTA THE **TERRITORY** AND YOU **KEEP RIDING**!

I AIN'T A'GONNER ARGUE WITH A **HOMBRE** THAT DRAWS FASTER'N I CAN **SEE**--

-- BUT I AIN'T SO SCAIRT I WON'T SAY YER A **TRAITOR**!

TRAITOR TO **WHITE FOLKS**! SIDIN' WITH THE **REDSKINS**.

THEN, AT A NEARBY **CAMP SITE**...

MY FATHER THANKS YOU FOR HELPING ME.

TELL HIM I'M SORRY WE NEVER FOUND THE **GREAT CHIEF'S PAPER**...

IT WILL BE FOUND.

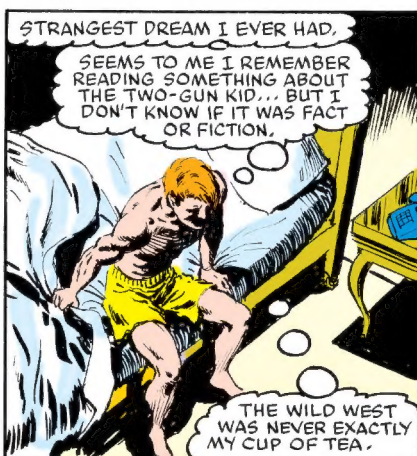
BEG YOUR **PARDON**!

TWO MEN WILL COME, BOLD AND RED OF HAIR-- WARRIORS AND MEN OF THE LAW WILL THEY BE. THEY WILL JOIN TO COMBAT AN INJUSTICE. TOGETHER, THEY WILL RETURN THE LAND TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS, OUR PEOPLE.

IN AIR AND IN WATER WILL THEY TRIUMPH...



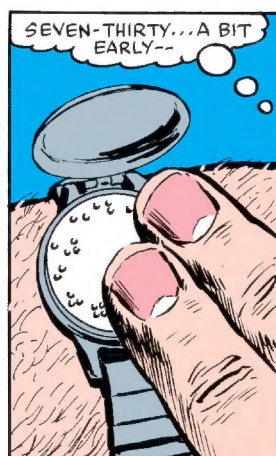
HUH?



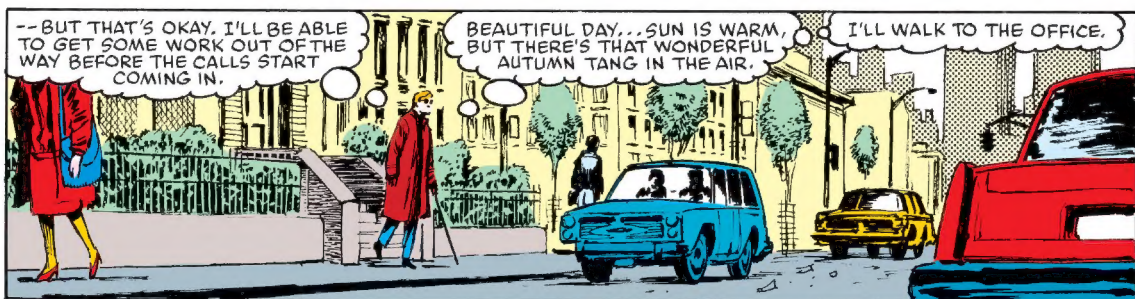
STRANGEST DREAM I EVER HAD.

SEEMS TO ME I REMEMBER
READING SOMETHING ABOUT
THE TWO-GUN KID... BUT I
DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS FACT
OR FICTION.

THE WILD WEST
WAS NEVER EXACTLY
MY CUP OF TEA.



SEVEN-THIRTY... A BIT
EARLY--



-- BUT THAT'S OKAY. I'LL BE ABLE
TO GET SOME WORK OUT OF THE
WAY BEFORE THE CALLS START
COMING IN.

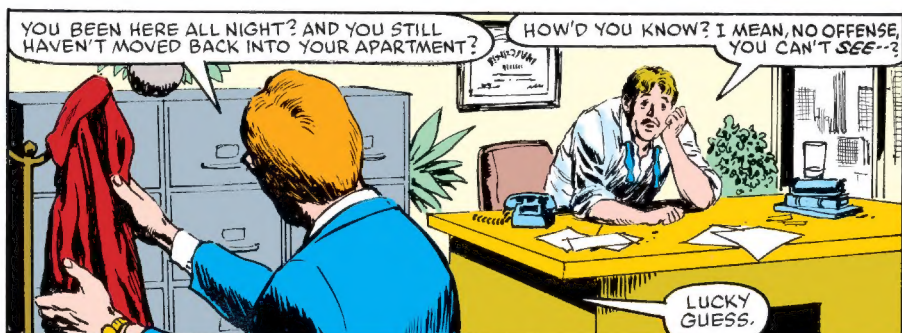
BEAUTIFUL DAY... SUN IS WARM,
BUT THERE'S THAT WONDERFUL
AUTUMN TANG IN THE AIR.

I'LL WALK TO THE OFFICE.

AND --

MORNING,
FOGGY.

MORNING,
MATT.



YOU BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT? AND YOU STILL
HAVEN'T MOVED BACK INTO YOUR APARTMENT?

HOW'D YOU KNOW? I MEAN, NO OFFENSE,
YOU CAN'T SEE--?

LUCKY
GUESS.



HIS AFTERSHAVE HAS WORN OFF... SO HE
HASN'T SHAVED TODAY. FOGGY *ALWAYS*
USES AFTERSHAVE. THEREFORE, HE HASN'T
GONE ANYWHERE. AND THERE'S NO SMELL
OF STARCH IN HIS SHIRT--



-- SO HE HASN'T BEEN USING THE LAUNDRY
NEAR HIS APARTMENT... THE ONE THAT
OVERSTARCHES.

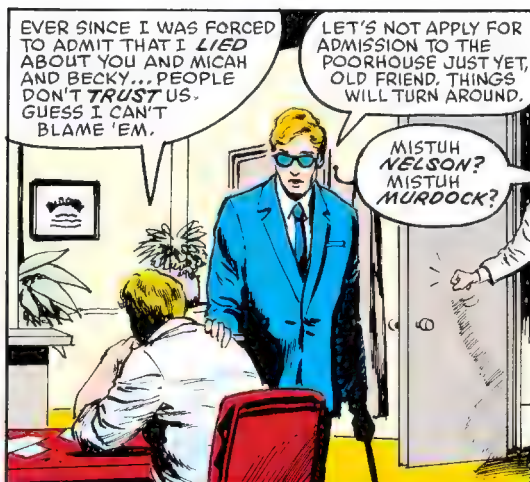
WANT TO
TALK?



AW, MATT...DEBBIE AND I CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE IT WORK. I CAN'T FORGET THAT SHE LEFT ME FOR A SHORT TIME FOR MICAH SYNN*...AND SHE CAN'T FORGET THAT I'M A DULL, FAT LAWYER AND I'LL NEVER BE ANYTHING ELSE.

I DUNNO...MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK TOGETHER AFTER WE COOL OFF...MEANWHILE, I THOUGHT I'D BURY MYSELF IN WORK-- BUT THE FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK DOESN'T HAVE MUCH WORK THESE DAYS.

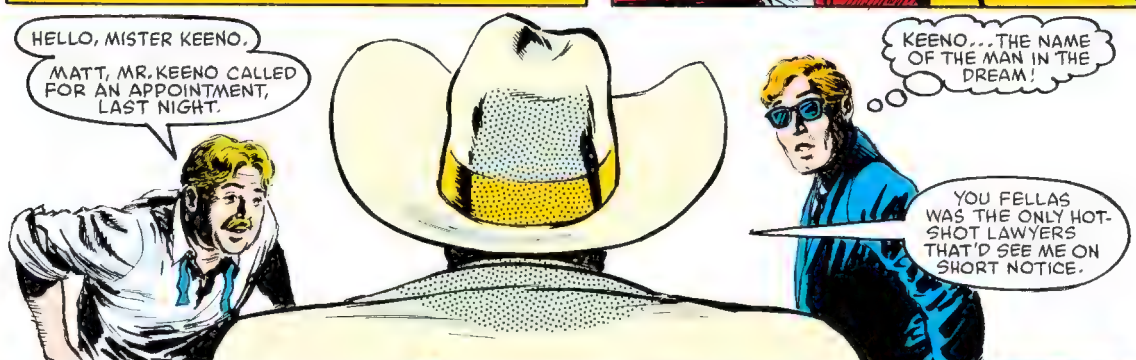
* A RATHER VICIOUS NATIVE OF THE EAST AFRICAN KINGORGE TRIBE FOR WHOM DEBBIE HAD A SHORT-LIVED FASCINATION. FILL-'EM-IN-MAC.



EVER SINCE I WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT I *LIED* ABOUT YOU AND MICAH AND BECKY...PEOPLE DON'T *TRUST* US. GUESS I CAN'T BLAME 'EM.

LET'S NOT APPLY FOR ADMISSION TO THE POORHOUSE JUST YET, OLD FRIEND. THINGS WILL TURN AROUND.

MISTUH NELSON? MISTUH MURDOCK?



HELLO, MISTER KEENO.

MATT, MR. KEENO CALLED FOR AN APPOINTMENT, LAST NIGHT.

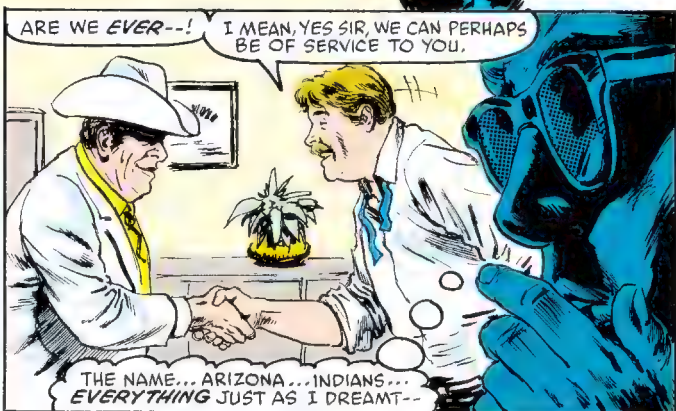
KEENO...THE NAME OF THE MAN IN THE DREAM!

YOU FELLAS WAS THE ONLY HOT-SHOT LAWYERS THAT'D SEE ME ON SHORT NOTICE.

I GOT A LEGAL PROBLEM. WANT TO BUILD A NUCLEAR REACTOR ON SOME LAND OUT IN ARIZONA THAT'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR YEARS. ONLY HITCH IS, AN *INJUN* GROUP CLAIMS THEY GOT A RIGHT TO IT.



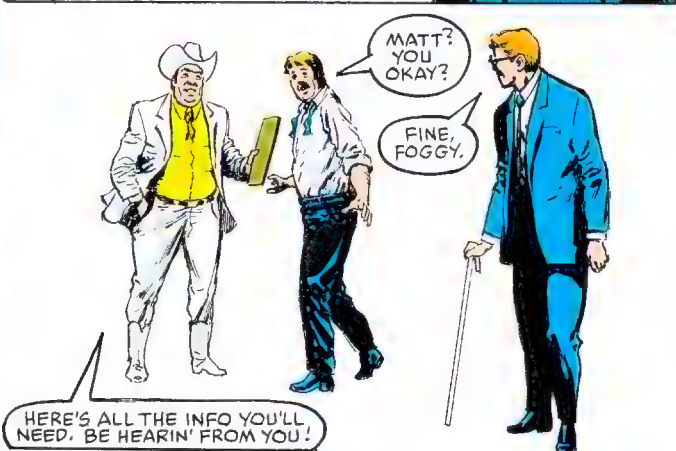
I GOT MY ARIZONA ATTORNEYS ON IT, NATCHERALLY, BUT I FIGGER SOME EASTERN BRAINS CAN'T HURT, INTERESTED?



ARE WE *EVER*--!

I MEAN, YES SIR, WE CAN PERHAPS BE OF SERVICE TO YOU.

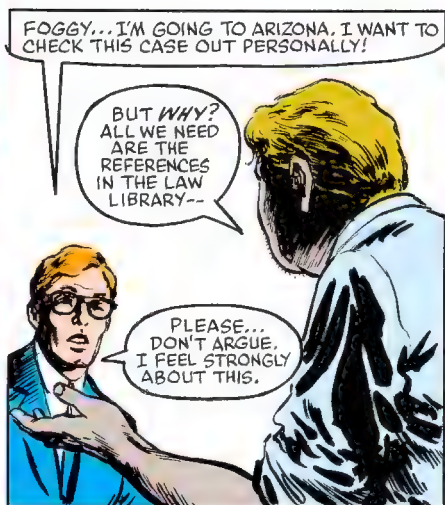
THE NAME... ARIZONA...INDIANS... EVERYTHING JUST AS I DREAMT--



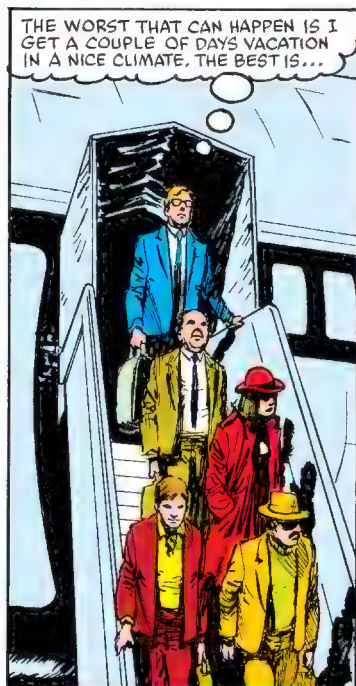
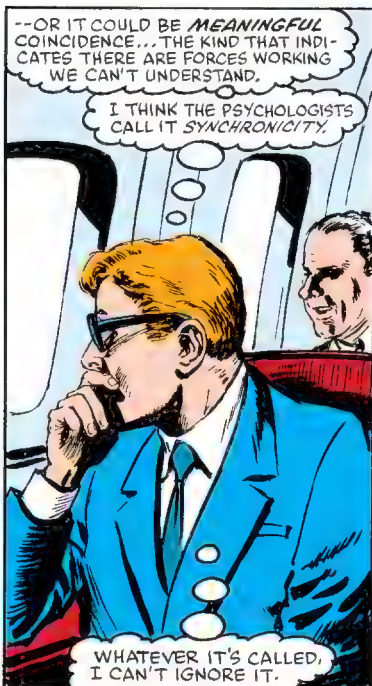
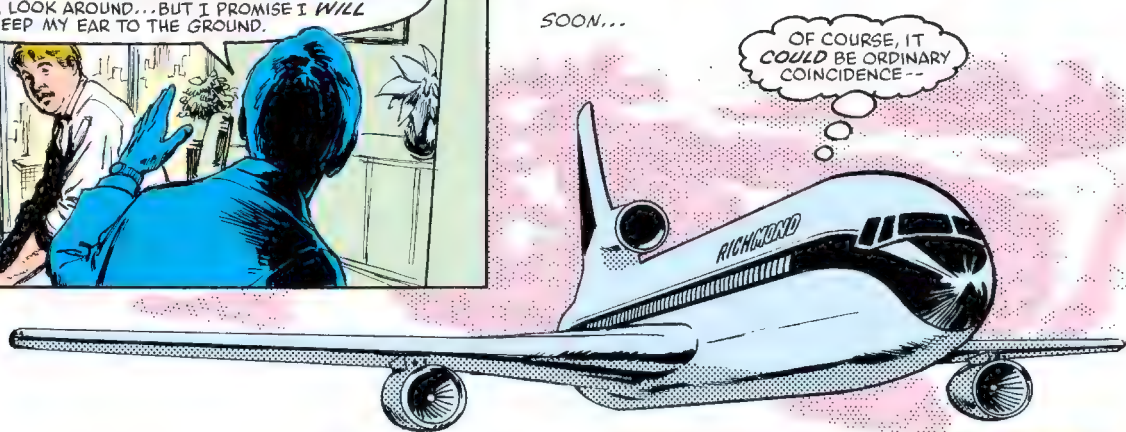
MATT? YOU OKAY?

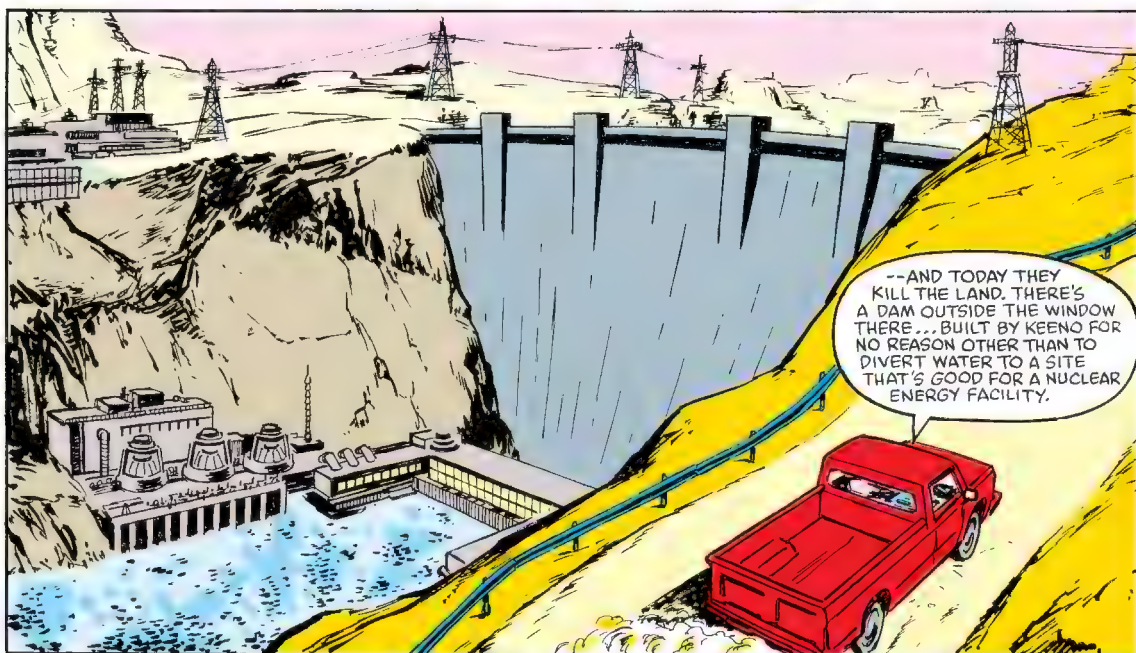
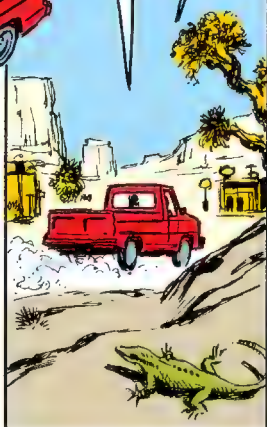
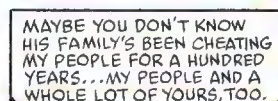
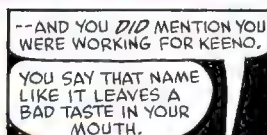
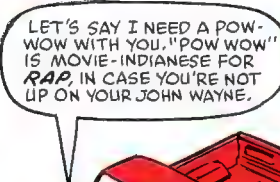
FINE, FOGGY.

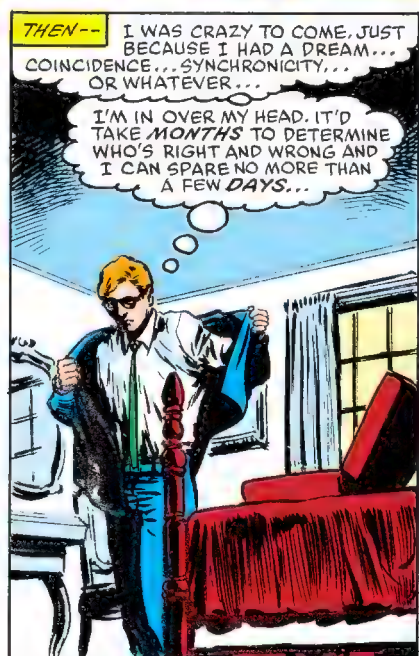
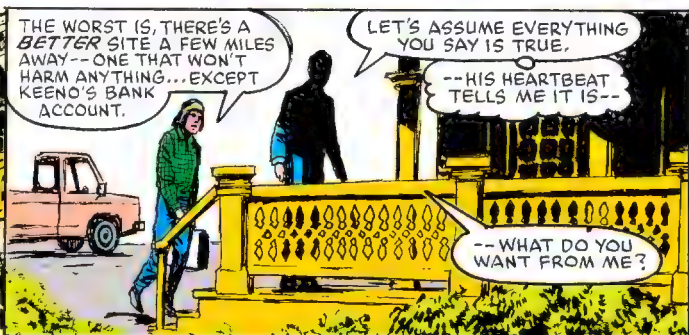
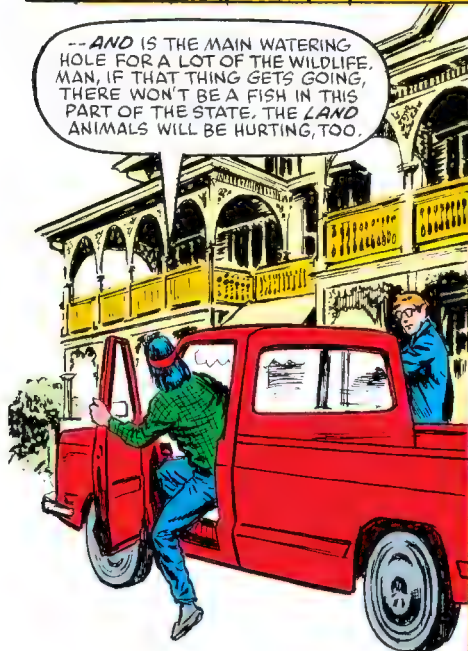
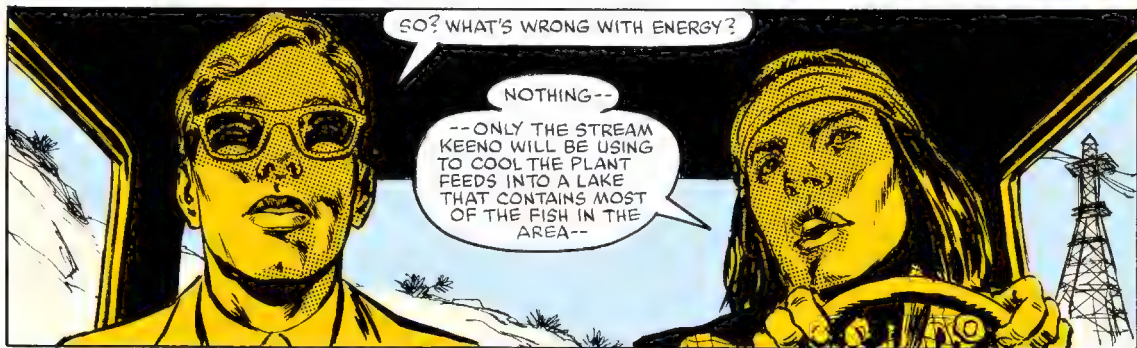
HERE'S ALL THE INFO YOU'LL NEED. BE HEARIN' FROM YOU!



SOON...





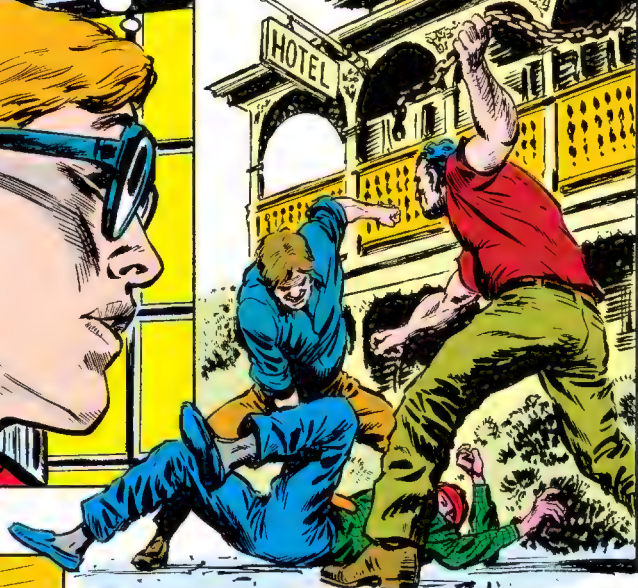
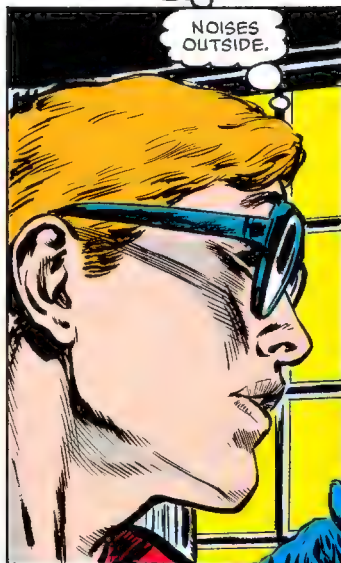
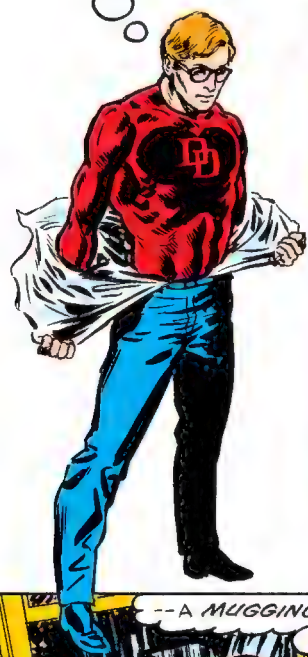


ANOTHER DUMB MOVE... PUTTING ON THE DAREDEVIL COSTUME. I NEED THIS LIKE I NEED A TOOTHACHE AND I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY I THOUGHT OTHERWISE--

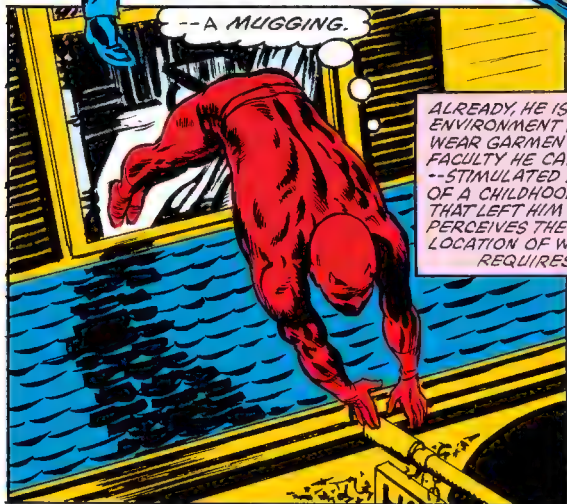
EH--?

RATTLE OF CHAINS/
SCRAPE OF BOOT SOLES/
GRUNTS/ SMELL OF
SWEAT--

NOISES
OUTSIDE.

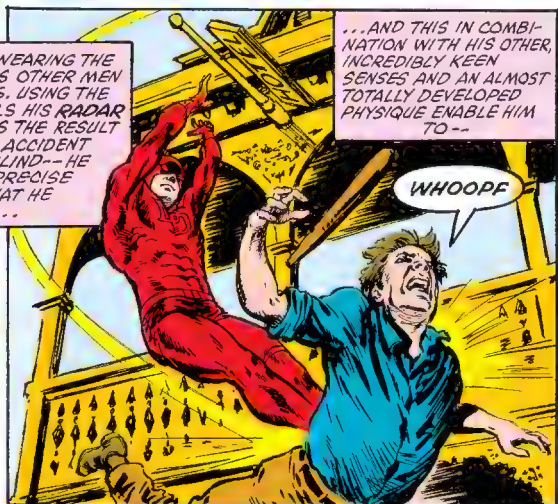


--A MUGGING.



ALREADY, HE IS WEARING THE ENVIRONMENT AS OTHER MEN WEAR GARMENTS. USING THE FACULTY HE CALLS HIS RADAR --STIMULATED AS THE RESULT OF A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT THAT LEFT HIM BLIND-- HE PERCEIVES THE PRECISE LOCATION OF WHAT HE REQUIRES...

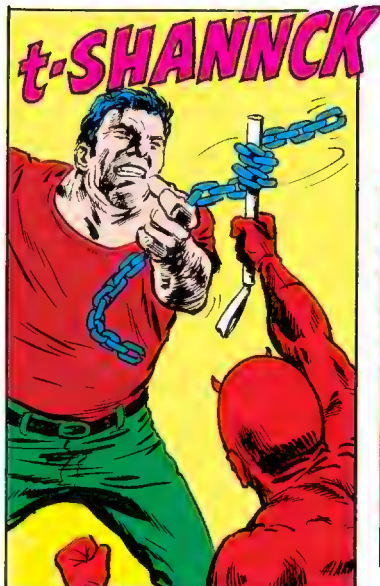
...AND THIS IN COMBINATION WITH HIS OTHER, INCREDIBLY KEEN SENSES AND AN ALMOST TOTALLY DEVELOPED PHYSIQUE ENABLE HIM TO--



WHOOPE



YOU CAN PUT THAT DOWN AND WALK AWAY.





THE MURDERED BRAVE SAID HE'D USE THIS MAP FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE...

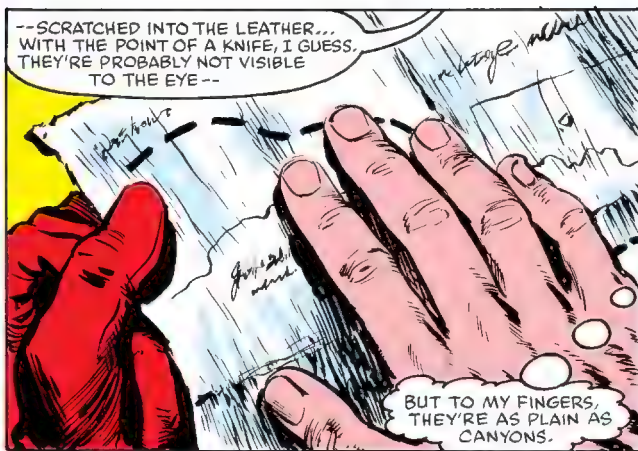


THEN, SOMEWHERE
OUTSIDE TOWN...



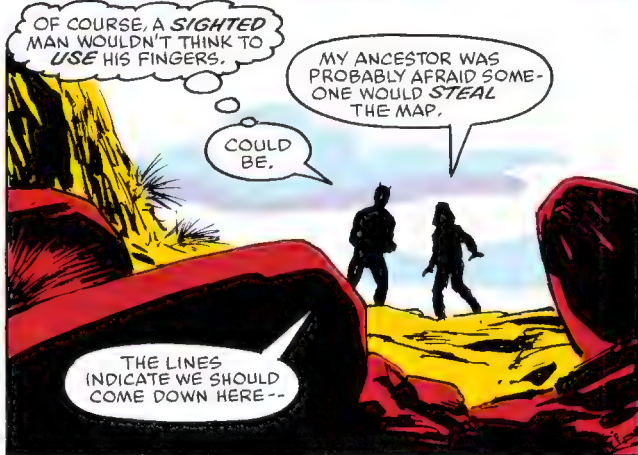
BUT THE MAP
CLEARLY SHOWS
THOSE CAVES--

THE INK ON
THE MAP DOES.
BUT THERE ARE
OTHER LINES--



--SCRATCHED INTO THE LEATHER...
WITH THE POINT OF A KNIFE, I GUESS.
THEY'RE PROBABLY NOT VISIBLE
TO THE EYE--

BUT TO MY FINGERS,
THEY'RE AS PLAIN AS
CANYONS.



OF COURSE, A SIGHTED
MAN WOULDN'T THINK TO
USE HIS FINGERS.

MY ANCESTOR WAS
PROBABLY AFRAID SOME-
ONE WOULD STEAL
THE MAP.

COULD
BE.

THE LINES
INDICATE WE SHOULD
COME DOWN HERE--



--AND LOOK UNDER SOMETHING
SHAPED LIKE AN ARROWHEAD.

THIS ROCK'S THE ONLY
THING I CAN SEE THAT
FITS THAT DESCRIPTION.

IT'D BE A MIRACLE IF
ANYTHING WAS STILL
HERE AFTER A
HUNDRED YEARS.

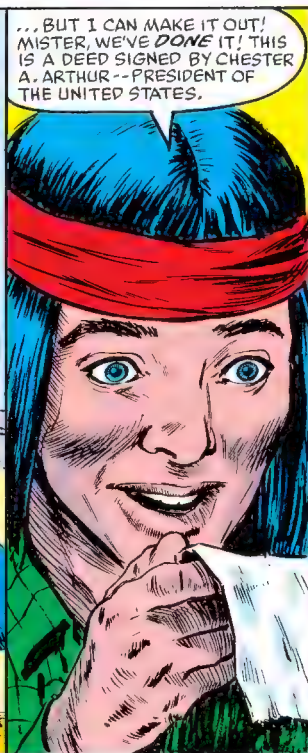
THIS JUST
MIGHT BE A
DAY FOR
MIRACLES.



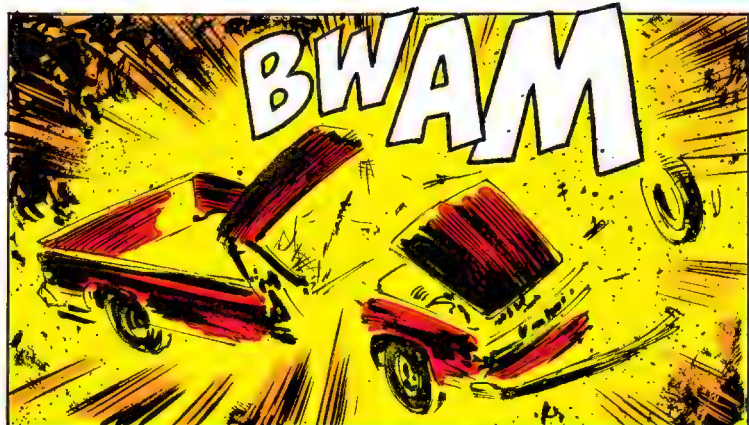
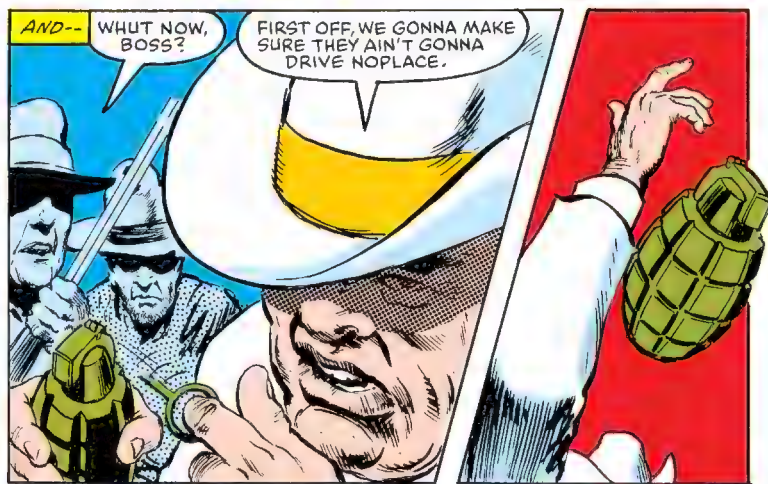
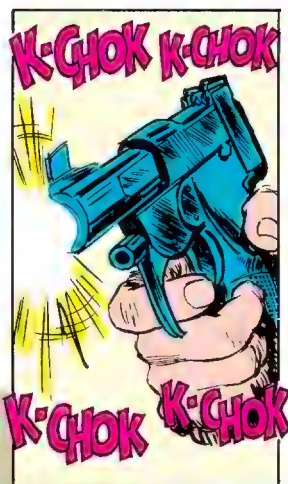
HEY...THERE *IS* SOME-
THING. AN OLD CASE
OF SOME SORT.

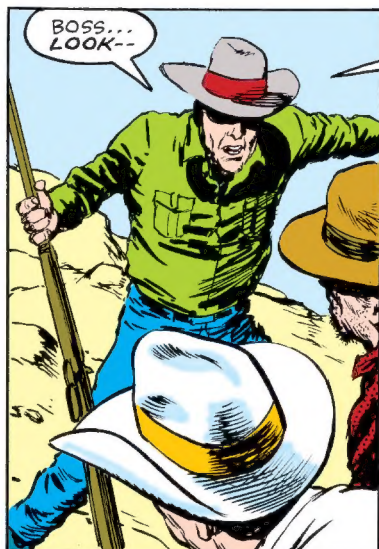


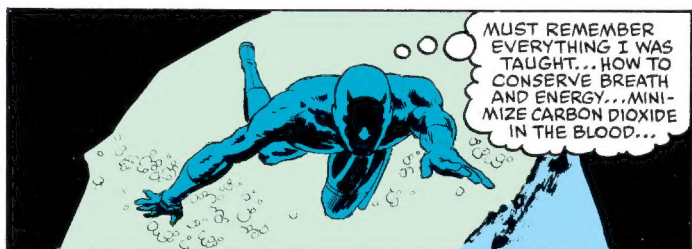
SOME KIND OF
PAPER... LOOKS TO
BE IN PRETTY BAD
SHAPE...



... BUT I CAN MAKE IT OUT!
MISTER, WE'VE *DONE* IT! THIS
IS A DEED SIGNED BY CHESTER
A. ARTHUR--PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES.









HEAD POUNDING...
LUNGS BURNING...

HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN
UNDER? TWO MINUTES? THREE?

HOW MUCH
FARTHER CAN
IT BE?

BEGINNING TO
BLANK OUT...

REMEMBER THE
TRAINING...
REMEMBER
IT! RELAX...

SOON--

RECKON
WE WAITED
LONG ENOUGH,
BOSS?

RECKON SO.
THEY AIN'T NO SIGN
OF 'EM, WE MIGHT'S
WELL GIT ON BACK
TO OUR FRIENDS IN
TOWN--

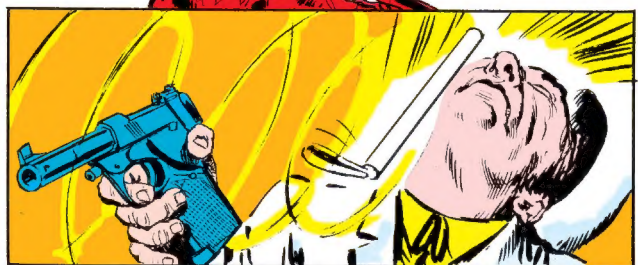
I'M SURPRISED
A SKUNK LIKE YOU
HAS ANY FRIENDS.



THE MASKED
MAN! HOW IN
TARNATION DID
YOU GIT OUT?

YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW.

YOU'RE
ITCHING TO
MAKE A PLAY.
DO IT.





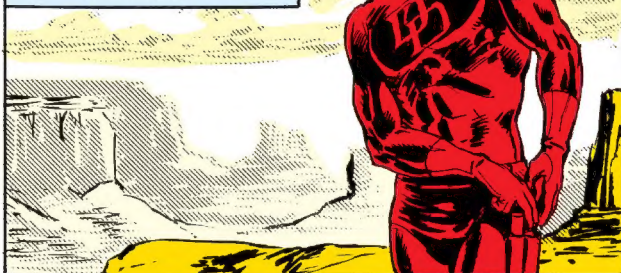
ASK YOURSELF THIS:
IS KEENO WORTH
GETTING YOUR HEAD
BROKEN FOR?

N-NO...

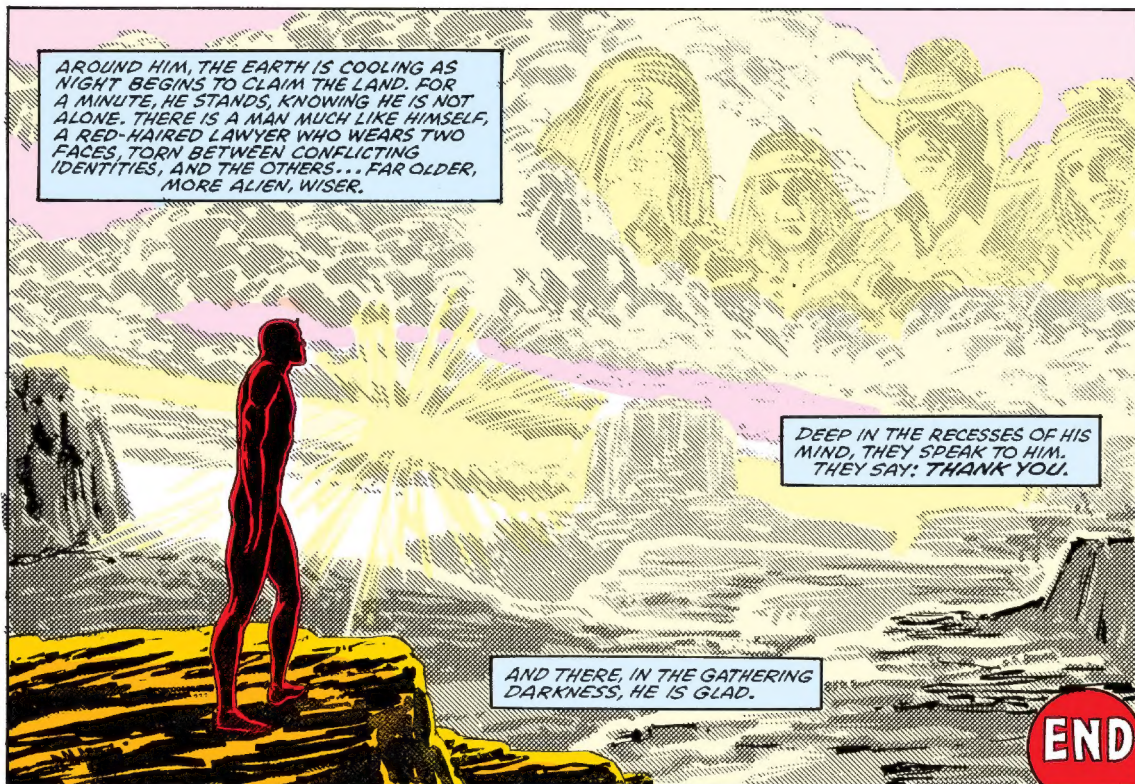
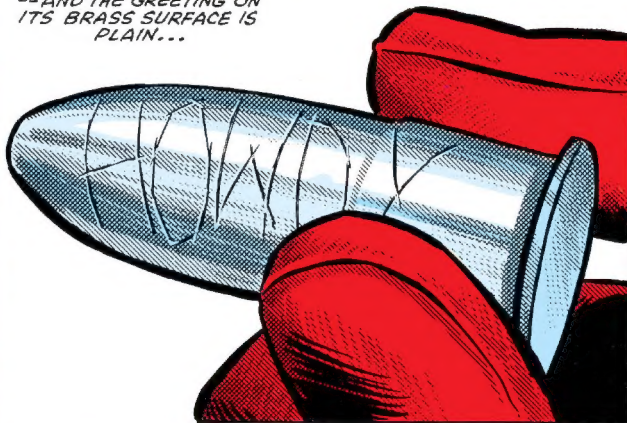
RECKON
NOT.

A MOMENT LATER, HE
HEARS THE SCRAPE OF
THEIR BOOTS ON THE
PATH, THEIR RAGGED
BREATHING AS THEY
SCURRY AWAY.

THEN, HE TAKES OUT THE
SMALL OBJECT HE RE-
MOVED FROM THE NICHE
IN THE WALL OF THE CAVERN
AND ROLLS IT IN HIS FINGERS.
SOMEHOW, ALTHOUGH IT
HAS RESTED IN DAMP STONE
FOR A CENTURY, IT HAS
NOT RUSTED--



--AND THE GREETING ON
ITS BRASS SURFACE IS
PLAIN...



AROUND HIM, THE EARTH IS COOLING AS
NIGHT BEGINS TO CLAIM THE LAND. FOR
A MINUTE, HE STANDS, KNOWING HE IS NOT
ALONE. THERE IS A MAN MUCH LIKE HIMSELF,
A RED-HAIRED LAWYER WHO WEARS TWO
FACES, TORN BETWEEN CONFLICTING
IDENTITIES, AND THE OTHERS... FAR OLDER,
MORE ALIEN, WISER.

DEEP IN THE RECESSES OF HIS
MIND, THEY SPEAK TO HIM.
THEY SAY: THANK YOU.

AND THERE, IN THE GATHERING
DARKNESS, HE IS GLAD.

END